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Heraclitus Ridens.

A Diſcourſe between JEST and EARNEST concerning the TIMES.

To be continued Weekly.

THURSDAY. 31. *July* 1718.

Jeſt. BEFORE I go on with my *Catalogue* of Scribblers, give me Leave, in Complyance with a Letter ſent from *Biſhops-gate Street*, that ſtincks of a *Pretender* to the Art and Miſtery of Healing, while he writes himſelf a London Phyſician, to ask your Opinion of this Eighteen Peny *Pamphlet* here in my Hand, called the *Modern Quack, or the Phyſical Impoſtor detected, in three Parts*, &c.

Earneſt. My Curioſity, through the many Advertiſements of it, has prompted me to read it, and I wiſh my Regard to Truth would permit me to ſay that it anſwers the Title: But ſo far does it ſeem to me, from coming up to it, that while he expoſes ſome, and that with great Juſtice, for the Practice of *Quackery*, and introduces others into their Number that act regularly as to the Nature of the Diſtempers they lay claim to the Cure of, he makes himſelf of Kin to thoſe very *Empyricks*, whom his Pen is employ'd againſt, and inſtead of paſſing a Compliment upon ſuch Members of the College as live in and about this populous City, caſts the oddeſt Reflections upon them that can be for Men of Obſcurity, and very little Notice, by tagging their Learned Names, and Places of Abode to the end of his Piece of Ribaldry, and Jargon of Invectives, as if they ſtood in need of his Aſſiſtance, to be made known to the World, or wanted a *Merry Andrew* to cry out *Oyes*, by way of Call for *Patients*.

Jeſt. No doubt but his own Name is inſerted, among the *Meads*, the *Gibbons*, the *Garths*, *Sloans*, *Cades*, *Friends*, *Hales*, *Wagſtaffs*, *Levets*, and *Lewises*, with the Stile of Doctor before, by way of Pomp and Recommendation.

Earneſt. There is nothing more certain —— Yet has this puny *Licentiate* (for he is no otherwiſe, and has no more taken his Degree than Mr. *Peachy* the Surgeon by Profeſſion) ſo little a Guard upon himſelf, as in his Definition of a *Quack, who*, he ſays, *is every Man, that being brought up to any ſingle Branch of the Profeſſion, whether Phyſick, Pharmacy, or Chirurgery, intermeddles in all three* &c. to hit himſelf ſuch a Box on the Ear, as makes it tingle to ſome purpoſe; ſince, if Fame belies him not, he himſelf has no better a Plea for his Enrollment amongſt

amongſt the Members (as he ſtiles them) of *our renowned College* of Phyſicians, than what juſtifies it ſelf, from the Launcet and Plaiſter-Box.

Jeſt. He has fallen very hard on a Friend or two of mine, I wiſh you would pay him a little more home in his own Coin, and would anſwer me this Queſtion. Whether a Perſon that has lived with an Apothecary has not as fair a Title to the Knowledg of proper Medicaments for Diſeaſes, as one that has been bound an Apprentice to a *Surgeon?*

Earneſt. I gueſs at your Meaning. His diſingenuous Reflections on Dr. *Cam*'s Book called a *ſhort Account of the Venereal Diſeaſe*, &c. are at the bottom of it; though it's a Treatiſe much better pen'd than his own, and notwithſtanding it may have ſome few Miſtakes or incaucious Expreſſions in it, abounds with more Excellencies than are ſufficient to attone for them. Had this *Animadverter* been Maſter of any *Modeſty* or *Juſtice* he would have ſpoken otherwiſe of a Gentleman, who has made Ten Times the number of Cures gratis which this vain Boaſter has in vain attempted for Fees; and will be held in Eſteem by all that he has ever dealt with, while nothing but Church-yards full of Patients, ſhall give his Name the ſame Stench as their Carcaſſes.

Jeſt. You come in with him now Hip and Thigh, and the *Apothecary's Boy* (as he calls him) has exceedingly got the better of the pretended *Graduate*.

Earneſt. Had the Man given himſelf Leave to think, before he had pen'd down his Extempore Scribble; he would have bethought himſelf of the many great Lawyers that have riſen to the Bench, and Collars of *S. S.* from Clerkſhips to Attorneys; would have remembred that Dr *Colbatch*, and Dr. *Cade*, who are of as great Eminence as any of the Faculty, ſerved their Times to *Apothecarys*.

Jeſt. Such a heap of Scandal in return to ſo much Deference pay'd by him, the ſaid Dr. *Cam*, to the College of Phyſicians, and the Corporations of Apothecarys and Surgeons in the firſt Edition of his very uſeful Treatiſe, and indeed to all Men of Art in general, except ſuch as under the Covert of ſtiling them ſuch, are Abuſers of it, leaves this Detractor without Excuſe. Eſpecially if we conſider the Perſon ſo ungeneroully traduced, under the Character of a Gentleman, that has written to better Effect, as will appear by his Writings, than any one (the *London* Phyſician himſelf not excepted, againſt the Methods put in Practice by the Author of the Practical Scheme, Anodine Necklace *&c.* and all other Empyricks whatſoever Claſs or Degree of Pretenders they may appertain to. But I muſt beg one Word, in Favour of another Acquaintance and Cuſtomer of mine who is equally brought upon the Stage, and this is Dr. *Wright*, by him called the *mad runnagade Scrivner*.

Earneſt. This Gentleman never took upon him to have had his Education in the Schools of *Æſculapius*, though his Inclinations from his Childhood ever led him to thoſe Studies. He denies not, that towards making a Settlement in the World, he was firſt put a Clerk to one of that Profeſſion, which he has no Reaſon to be aſham'd of, ſince it ought to be held ſo much the more honourable, than that of a *Surgeon*, by how much the more Expences are requiſite for any one to be thoroughly verſed in ſo profitable a Calling. He owns that finding himſelf better qualified from his own Reading, and a moſt learned Phyſicians Receipts, which were left with him at his Deceaſe, to lend a helping Hand to *Humane Maladies*, and to ſuccour the Diſtreſs'd, than to increaſe their Grievances by Intereſt upon Intereſt, and the Purchaſe of *Cent per Cent* after an unlawful Manner, he made it his Choice to purſue the Rules laid down to him by the beſt Authors, and his deceas'd Friend for the Cures he makes pretence to; and notwithſtanding the *Two Golden Heads* without his Doors, may be ſpoken of as Subjects of Laughter and Deriſion, by Perſons that know nothing of the Management he makes uſe of towards the Relief of his Patients, the *Gold* that he has receiv'd, and continues to come flowing into his Laboratory within Doors, makes it more than ſufficiently appear, that the ſucceſsfulneſs of his Remedies fully anſwer the Intent of them; ſince *freſh* Shoals of Perſons labouring under Venereal Infirmities would ſcarce apply to him, had the old ones found no Relief, or been diſmiſs'd, as the *Biſhopſ-gate* Phyſician alledges to ſeek for it elſewhere.

Jeſt. Hinc illæ lachrymæ. From hence flows all the Gall this Punſter and Quibler of a Recipe-Monger mixes with his Ink. He that is called

called Quack would never be branded with the Name of one, had but he that calls him ſo half his Buſineſs upon his Hands. Want of Employment in his own way, makes Dr. *T——r* ſeek out a Province he is no ways equal to, in endeavouring to elbow himſelf into that of others; and to daub his own Fingers with the very Exerement of thoſe c— St—, he would make theirs appear to be polluted with.

Earneſt. It's reaſonably to be ſuppoſed, and it would be ill Manners to the Manes of the deceas'd Archbiſhop to ſuppoſe otherwiſe, that his late Grace of *Canterbury*, who gave the Gentleman, whoſe Character the Libeller is ſo free with, a Licenſe to practice, and therein ſays he does it from the Teſtimonies of Perſons, *Fide dignorum*, worthy to be believ'd, that vouch'd for his *Skil* and *admirable Succeſs* in the Art of Phyſick, would ſcarce have done him that Honour, without ſufficient Proof of his Abilities. And which is of greateſt Weight, a Certificate, or *bene ſe geſſit*, from a Primate or Metropolitan of all *England*, or a few invidious Suggeſtions, rais'd by a Perſon, whoſe Head is as empty of Brains, as his Hall or Parlour of Patients; and who has ſcarce any thing to ſhare in his way of Practice with a *Partner*, while the Gentleman he reviles and ſets at *nought*, has a Thouſand Pounds for taking in one with him, it is no difficult matter to determine.

Jeſt. So much for an Author that by endeavouring to make others ridiculous, makes himſelf ſo; and by having a *Parentheſis* in almoſt every Sentence, ſhews that the whole Subſtance of his ludicrous piece of Scribble, might be put into one, ſince every Line of it may as well be left *out* as *in*. Let us now look into the *Papers* of the *Day*; two brace whereof ſeem to hunt by Couples, though they take their Scent a different way. And theſe are the *Poſt-Boy*, and *Evening-Poſt*, the *St. James's* and *St. James's-Evening Poſt*; are the Writers of any of theſe four, fit for your Turn?

Earneſt. The firſt is a Paper of good Intelligence and good Manners, and its Author has *Courage* and *Integrity* enough to prefer the Juſtice of a Cauſe to the Succeſs of it; ſo that you may write him down for a *good and true Man*; one that knows how to make a Right choice of Occurrences, and very often ſets Matters in ſuch a Light in his Article from the *Hague*, as diſcovers a better Inſight into the Tranſactions abroad, than all the other Novelty Mongers. Though, would this Perſon but give us a Sketch of the Cauſe of the *Czarovitz* his Death, and the Conſequence thereof, which if it be not an Inſurrection in *Muſcovy*, will, in all Appearance be a War in *Germany*, from the Reſentment that in all likelyhood, will be ſhewn on the Part of the Emperor, who is Uncle on his Conſort's Side, to the Son of the deceas'd Prince, that is now next Heir to the Throne of *Ruſſia*, by Right of Inheritance; and the Diſguſt that has already been taken by the *Czar*, at ſome Expreſſions, ſaid to be let fall by the Imperial Envoy at his Court; he would work himſelf yet more and more into Credit with his Readers. For, if I miſtake not, Clouds of Commotions ſeem to be gathering elſewhere than over *Italy*, and the March of 40000 more *Muſcovites* towards *Mecklenburg*, with the Poſture the *Swedes* are in by Sea and Land, ſhews the Tranquillity of that Part of the Empire, as well as *Heſſe Rhin field* to be very ſhort-liv'd.

Jeſt. You turn News Writer your ſelf, inſtead of making Remarks on the Dealers in that ſort of Traffick. ——

Earneſt. As for the two *Evening Poſts*, you have juſt ſpoken of, they are nothing but the *Ecchoes* of the Papers of the *Morning*; and fit for little but to catch at a *Mail* or an *Expreſs* before Candle-Light and handit forth to the Publick to be the Diſcourſe of the Night, at Taverns, Ale-Houſes, and all other Places of Reſort. Tho' *Berrington's* is both for Stile and Veracity to be made choice of before *Warner's*; ſince he that huddles forth the latter, may deſervedly enough be yoak'd with the Brute of a *Cameronian* that carries off the Offals of Infamy and Deſtruction in his Dungart of a *Flying-Poſt*, drawn by him and his profligate Man *W——ly*.

Jeſt. They'll agree like Bells together, and drown one anothers *Lies* and *Impertinence*, with the Noiſe that Iſſues from each other; *his Man*, ſay you? The Fellow thinks himſelf fit to be your Maſter, and notwithſtanding all the Knowledge gain'd by you at the Univerſity, gives out, that you are beneath his Notice.

Earneſt. Good Luck continue me ſo, ſay I, ſince to be taken Notice by him, is to have *Dirt* thrown upon me, which he knows plentyfully to rid his Hands of by *wholeſale*, as well as *retail*.

Jeſt.

Jeſt. Then theſe wiſe Knights of the *POST* may be ſent packing, as of no manner of uſe for your Purpoſe? The *Gazetteer* muſt needs ſtand fair in your Opinion. Your Reſpect for the Station he is in muſt give him your Acceptance.

Earneſt. I have nothing to ſay more than that our *London Gazettees* were moſt admirably well written in Mr. *Yards* Time.

Jeſt. You are like the Watchman that would not take the Parliament Man out of the Channel, becauſe he would not meddle with State Affairs. Then there's a Man that is no Stateſman for you, *Tim Child* with his *Daily-Courant* cannot but be right in Court.

Earneſt. Not while he ſhews his Partiality to the prevailing Intereſt; makes a Treaty of Peace between *Sweden* and *Muſcovy* which is entirely concluded to go backward, and fills his Papers with little elſe than his Brother in-Law's, the Biſhops, and his Childrens Tutors *Pillionieres* the *quondam Jeſuit's* Advertiſements.

Jeſt. Alas! alas! for poor *Tim!* So near being Chancellor to the Dioceſe of *Bangor*, and ſo far off from being credited! You muſt not deny your Acceptance of the Gentleman that writes the *Poſt-Man*; he's a Perſon of Eſtate, and Probity, and gives Offence to no Party.

Earneſt. For that very Reaſon I am under a Neceſſity of refuſing him; *he that is not for me, is againſt me*; and he, that to overcharge his Coffers that are more than plentifully fill'd already, keeps labouring for Collections of indolent Paragraphs out of *foreign* Prints, can never have Fire enough to go through with the Work of our *Domeſtick* Warfare.

ADVERTISEMENT.

WRIGHT's Diuretick, or *Cleanſing* TINCTURE,

Which urinally diſcharges all the Fœces or putrid Relicks of the Lues Alamode, or veneral Infection, and chaſes its Concomitants, the wretched Retinue of that complicated Diſtemper, and carries off all mucous filthy ſanious Matter lodg'd in the Reins, and elſewhere by ill Cures, which either cauſe a Sharpneſs in the Urine, or too frequently provokes it. This Relick is diſcoverable partly by the ſubſequent Symptoms; by a Debility or Weakneſs of the Back; a fœtid and nauſeous Smell of the Urine, with a purulent Matter, or feculent Sordes reſiding at the bottom, or flying in it, with Variety of Figures, reſembling Hairs, Skins, Threads, &c. which if not timely prevented, cauſe Ulcers or Stranguaries, impair Nature, unhinge the Fabrick of the Body, and render Life it ſelf very precarious. Farther, it effectually frees the Body from all Relicks of the venereal Diſeaſe after ill-manag'd Cures, not only cleanſing the Urinary Paſſages of all Sand, Gravel, Films or Membranous Pellicles, but after a ſingular Efficacy invigorates the Reins, reſtoring them and all the Genitals to their Original Tone and Uſe, tho' the Misfortune and Decay be of the longeſt Date, with an equal Succeſs in either Sex. To be had of the Author Dr. *Wright*, at his Houſe at the two *Golden Heads* and two *Square Lamps* in *Wine-Office-Court*, *Fleet-ſtreet*, for Ten Shillings *per* Bottle, with Directions for its Uſe.

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[Price Three-half-pence.]